

The Woman's Exchange

Here's a Kitten
 For the Editor of Woman's Page:
 Dear Madam—I have a malleable kitten (female) which I would like to get a good home for.
 Please give my address to any one wanting the cat.
 L. E. L.
 Indeed I will be glad to give this address to any one sending a stamped envelope. I am sure that some of the readers will want the little kitten.

Writing Stories
 For the Editor of Woman's Page:
 Dear Madam—I am very much interested in story writing, and I would like to take a course dealing with the above. Could you oblige me with a list of schools or institutes, located in this city, where such a course is given?
 Would you also kindly explain if there is any age limit in entering such schools?
 FANNIE P.

The University of Pennsylvania has a course in journalism which would, of course, include the story writing you are anxious to know about, but none of the schools in the city have a special course in this subject. In an advanced English class you could learn a great deal about it, as there are themes to be written which will give you a chance to have your ideas and the construction of your stories criticized. It is extremely important to have a good foundation of grammar, and reading books and stories in the magazines is also going to help you. If you want to write stories of your own, start writing now and write whenever you get the chance. Don't try to have your things published at first, but work at them wholeheartedly.
 The evening high schools have English classes such as I have described to you. There is no age limit attached to these.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

Mrs. Medbury's Boarder

By L. B. LANGDALE

It was because Mrs. Medbury hated the idea of being alone in the house of night—now that Stella was away—that she decided to take a boarder. A single, respectable gentleman, as the Uptonville News ran her advertisement. The neighbors, coming upon the item, shook doubtful heads over it. According to them, there wasn't a "single, respectable gentleman" left in Uptonville, remark open to misinterpretation, but correctly understood by those to whom it was expressed.

For Uptonville's masculine population, if you excepted boys under twenty, was entirely in the form of matrimony. On what, then, could Martha Medbury be basing her hopes?
 Now it's possible that, after all, Martha had very few hopes, for when one April morning they suddenly materialized out of a clear blue sky, she was completely surprised.

"Is this Mrs. Medbury?" came a voice from a pleasant-looking, fairly young man who presented himself at the side screen door as Martha was putting around her geraniums in the bay window. "The Mrs. Medbury who advertised for a boarder? I'm quite—er—respectable and I'm single. That is, he added as a sort of afterthought, "to all intents and purposes I am."
 Mrs. Medbury was always convinced that it was sheer curiosity inspired by these last words which led her to open the screen door and finally invite him in to talk things over.

Not that the conversation which followed gave any clue to the odd kind of singleness Mr. Caleb Stone—which, it seemed, was his name, or, rather, one of his names—laid claim to. "Dear me, no!" that mystery was solved until long afterward, when his name was found to be, not Caleb Stone, but Eben Haverford.

But to get back to the beginning of his stay with Martha Medbury. From the moment of his adoption into her household, Mr. Caleb Stone aroused much comment and his method of life and schedule of habits underwent the closest scrutiny.

"He doesn't do a stroke of work," contributed Sam Clark.

"He gets a whole lot of mail," volunteered little Miss Becham, who assisted in the post office.

"He goes regular to the city on Saturdays," brought forth Ed Matham, Uptonville's station master.

"I should think Martin would be kind of nervous, having him round when Stella is home," ventured a piped-up old Mrs. Heasley, voicing the opinion of the entire crowd assembled in the church vestry for consultation as to the advisability of new hymn books. "I'd think twice about having any daughter of mine, even if she was homey, brought under the influence of some one who nobody knows nothing about."

Now as it happened, Martha Medbury was secretly considerably worried as to just how Stella, due home for vacation in a few days, would act about having a gentleman boarder around the premises. Stella was such a confirmed old maid, and a mischief-maker into the bargain. Her mother never stopped to reflect that it was she who had made her daughter what she was, preaching to her from childhood that men, at best, were sorry creatures and that it behooved all proper young girls to beware of their wiles.

She stilled her quills, however, by assuring herself frequently that Stella had no business expecting her to run the chance of fighting burglars single-handed and all that sort of thing which appeared to be taking shape everywhere, and she, Stella, would have to put up with Mr. Stone as best she could.

To the man himself she divulged the information that her daughter, a nice girl but sometimes peculiar, was expected home for a time, assuring him that his routine should be in no wise upset.

"Don't you worry a mite," she told him. "You'll have your hot water shaved promptly at seven-thirty as you've been accustomed, and your eggs, one fried on one side and one on the other, for breakfast just as usual." This method of cooking his eggs happened to be a well-established joke between them.

It happened that when Stella's train blew its whistle down at the station Mr. Stone was out, and Mrs. Medbury thanked heaven for a chance to explain to her daughter the circumstances before she learned them otherwise.

Booked back and forth on the porch dressed up by the addition of a fresh white afternoon apron, Martha reassured her evening of explanation while she waited for Stella.

"He's a very desirable young man, pleasant around the house, prompt to his meals, has a lovely disposition—what—what—Stella and—and Mr. Stone. They must have run into each other up."

White Velvet Makes This Charming Coat



By CORINNE LOWE

The modern coat is allowed as much freedom as the modern grandmother. It really does anything it pleases, from voluminous cape folds to the skimpiest bodice and sleeves. Here is a new model for afternoon wear that elects the latter course of conduct. It is made of white velvet and is trimmed with heavy gray silk embroidery and with dark gray fox. One interesting feature is the incorporation of the small yoke that has figured so persistently in the smart winter frock. Another is the attachment of the side folds of the skirt above the long line of the embroidered corsage.

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THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

Build Upon the Rock
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 And—where are there better husbands?
 Consulting the oracle we find it written that "It is a law of the universe that the best things shall be seldomest seen in their best form."
 In other words, the jelly is not always on the outside of the cake! And the best people, the deepest, the truest, the staunchest, the most worth-while have not always the most taking ways.
 Particular "charm" of manner or lack of it bears no relation to a man's real worth. And a character of true blue is a far more valuable acquisition for married life than an engaging smile. Therefore the girl is wise who distinguishes between the fundamental and the superficial, between the fittings and the trimmings of a man.
 Men who could kiss a woman's fingers with the air of petitioners at a holy shrine have been known to beat their wives. Yet many of the most matter-of-fact types of suitors have turned out the most devoted and affectionate husbands.
 It does not follow that the man who sighs the most ardently and never forgets to tell you, at least with his eyes, that you are the most beautiful woman in the world, will make a more enduring, more faithful or loyal husband than the one who is less demonstrative. The most lavish suitor does not always make the most generous mate. And the man who springs quickest to his feet when you enter the room may not be the one who would walk the floor with the baby.
 Of course, the Apollo with the subtle and insinuating charm that makes every movement in your presence an act of obedience to a queen may have the sterner but sturdier stuff that at close range will make him indeed your king.
 But the evidence is against him. As a rule men of real worth do not attempt to qualify as drawing room ornaments; they do not seem to be so inclined. Having directed their thoughts to things other than feminine susceptibility, they are less adept as charmers. However, this is not an arrangement

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of the "attractive" man as such. There are men who, like machine horses, are both charming and good, which is indeed a delightful combination. But like the girl who has both extraordinary beauty and extraordinary brains, they are very rare. And if you have to choose between the "plain but solid" husband and one who is more dazzling but less deep, remember that the girl who stakes her life's happiness upon a flattering eye, a mellow voice, a graceful bow and a glib tongue is founding upon quicksand her precarious structure.

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